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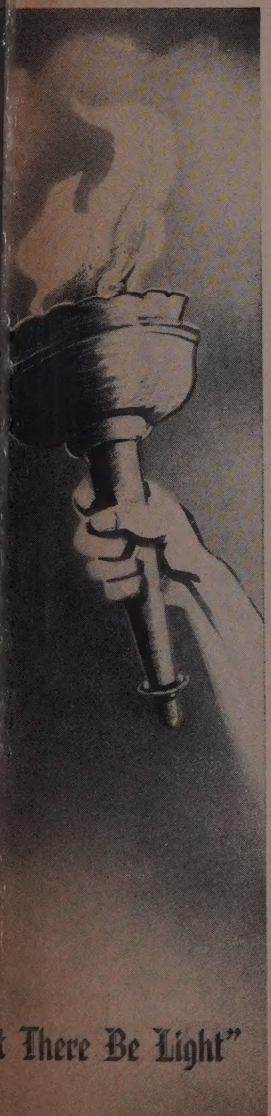
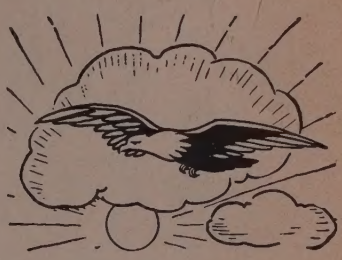
APRIL, 1942

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



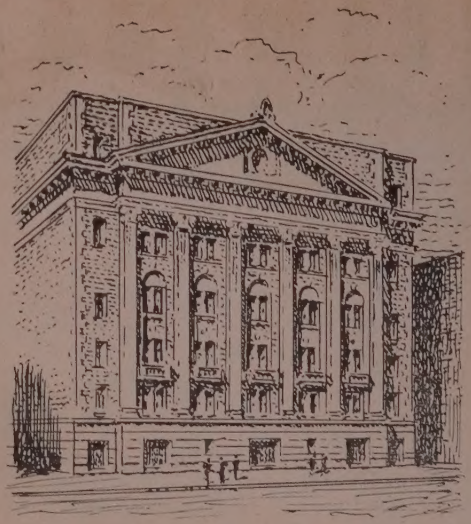


High Flight

JOHN GILLESPIE MCGEE, JR.

"Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings.
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew.
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high, untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God."



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XIX **APRIL, 1942** *Number 1*

Easter Greeting!

FIRST of all I want to express my deepest appreciation and gratitude for the unprecedented response which our "Liberalist" with the new format has received. I have had many letters and have heard many expressions of approval. This is the second number in its new dress and the beginning of the 19th year of "The Liberalist." If you are not a subscriber, will you not become one by sending a dollar and a half to our business manager and Secretary of the Church, May H. Harrison, care of The Peoples Church of Chicago, 941 Lawrence Avenue?

We are attempting to make our monthly publication an effective voice of the church and from month to month will try to give you a vital and inspiring magazine. Should there be any surplus after the expenses of publication are met, it will go directly into the treasury of the church. No one connected with the publication receives any remuneration.

The features which you find in this issue will be maintained throughout the entire year, and the publication will be issued each month during the year. The cost of subscription includes the cost of mailing. During the summer months, when the church is closed, it will be the only medium for keeping in touch with church activities and ourselves. My summer plans are as yet indefinite, but undoubtedly I shall visit many of the camps in this country, speaking to the men in service. I will write each month on the summer activities.

I hope that every member of the church, every radio listener, and every person interested in our activities will find it possible to become a subscriber. I shall be glad to hear from readers, and welcome heartily your suggestions and criticisms. Our church was never more needed than now. Since Pearl Harbor my own activities have increased a hundredfold, while all through the church, in every department and every organization, there is a renewal of interest and a spirit of unity such as I have never known in my pastorate.

I wish you might have been at our annual meeting, held last month, when the Presidents of all the organizations in the church made their annual reports. It was the most encouraging evening I have had during these many years of working with the church.

I hope it will be possible for you to be present at the commemoration of my 30 years in the Peoples Church of Chicago on Thursday evening, April 30th, at 8:00 o'clock, in the church auditorium. There will be a more detailed

announcement of this event from the pulpit and over the radio.

This number will reach you before Easter Sunday. With it I am sending to you my heartiest greetings that Easter Day will be a triumphant one in your life. Easter has a new significance this year, and the joy which we associate with Easter may now be expressed in the gladness of the opportunity of keeping alive in this wounded world the spirit of triumph over evil, hate, despair and cynicism. The other word for Easter is Victory. Easter, more than any other observance in the church calendar, means the undefeated character of goodness, truth and beauty. Easter is the opportunity for implementing these eternal truths afresh in our lives and hearts.

I hope you may be able to attend in person one or all of the beautiful Easter services we have planned in the church. There will be four services: the first, at 9:30 in the morning; the next at 11:00 o'clock; an afternoon service at 3:30, and the closing Sunday evening service for the season at 7:30 at night. In the afternoon service we will dedicate our honor roll, and there will also be the reception of new members, as well as the christening of children.

Our Sunday evening congregations have been the largest in the history of the church, with only two Sunday evenings—and they were sub-zero in temperature—when the auditorium could accommodate the congregation. I appreciate more deeply than these words convey, all that you have done in the past. Without your loyalty our church would fail its great opportunity.—P.B.

POEM ON LIBERALIST COVER

The first poem selected to rank along with World War 1 masterpieces is "High Flight," written by John Gillespie Magee, Jr., before he was killed in action with the Royal Canadian Air Force in December. The poem was selected by Archibald MacLeish and Joseph Auslander, noted poets and Library of Congress officials.

"High Flight" shares a case with Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" and John McCrae's "In Flanders Field" in the Library of Congress exhibit of "Poems of Faith and Freedom," just opened.

Permission has been given, it is interesting to know, by the young poet's parents, the Rev. and Mrs. John G. Magee, of Washington, D. C., for the posting of their son's sonnet in all pilot training centers of the British Empire.

Before joining the Canadian Air Force in November, 1940, John Magee had published a book of verse from his own press. These were poems written while a student at Avon Old Farms School in Connecticut. His father, for many years a missionary, came to Washington from Boston to be Assistant Rector at St. John's Episcopal Church. His mother is English-born.

Dr. Bradley wrote Rev. Magee asking permission to print the poem on the cover of our "Liberalist" and received a kind letter in reply as follows:

March 2, 1942.

"St. John's Church
LaFayette Square
Washington
Dear Dr. Bradley:

You can, of course, use our boy's sonnet on the cover of your monthly church booklet, "The Liberalist."

It is of the very greatest comfort to us to know of what an inspiration it has been to so many. Every day we get evidences of it.

We shall be pleased to receive a copy of the booklet when it appears.

Sincerely yours,
John G. Magee."

Lenten Services

PEOPLES CHURCH

Dr. Preston Bradley preaching at all services

HOLY WEEK

Palm Sunday, March 29th

11:00 a.m.—*"Pomp and Circumstance"*
7:30 p.m.—*"If Jesus Came to Chicago"*

STUDEBAKER THEATRE

Every noon, 410 S. Michigan Ave.
March 30th through April 3rd, 12:10 p.m.

Five Old Questions With New Answers

MARCH 30th—*"Is There a God Who Cares?"*
MARCH 31st—*"Is The World Coming to an End?"*
APRIL 1st—*"Is Life Worth Living?"*
APRIL 2nd—*"Is Christianity a Failure?"*
APRIL 3rd—*"Why Did Jesus Die?"*

PEOPLES CHURCH

Every Evening 8:00 p.m.
Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Road

Meeting the Tensions of Life

MARCH 30th—*"How to Overcome Tension"*
MARCH 31st—*"How to Overcome Enemies"*
APRIL 1st—*"How to Overcome Worry"*
APRIL 2nd—*"How to Overcome Fear"*
APRIL 3rd—*"How to Overcome Suffering"*

EASTER SUNDAY—APRIL 5th

Four Great Services

9:00 a.m.—*"Strength and Joy"*
11:00 a.m.—*"Beyond Victory"*
3:30 p.m.—*"The More Excellent Way"*
7:30 p.m.—*"Why I Believe in Immortality"*

"LOYALTY TO VISION"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of The People's Church of Chicago, March 1, 1942

STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED

WHEN YOU have examined the life and personality and made an appraisal of most any individual and discussed him rather thoroughly pro and con, talked about his virtues, and his badness; when you have analysed him up one side and down the other, I think most of you will agree with me that one of the finest things you can say about any person is that "He is loyal." He may be intelligent, he may be good, he may have all the virtues that are identified with attractiveness of personality and with the spirit of friendliness and tolerance, and all the rest of it, but if this little disaster of disloyalty is in his soul, that little bit of insidious, dangerous virus, it will have a tendency and inevitably grow until it obviates all of the other virtues.

This morning during this Lenten season, I think you and I together might consider for a little while an attribute as important as loyalty. You cannot buy it. There is no way in the world you can purchase loyalty; you cannot make anyone loyal to you with money, you cannot make anyone loyal to his nation with money. Money never bought anyone's loyalty, and it never will. You cannot create loyalty by offering rewards; you cannot make people loyal because you offer them some objective for being loyal. Neither money nor reward are concerned when you discuss loyalty. People who manifest the virtue of loyalty because of a reward are the people upon whom the virtue will become a vice and it will turn itself away from the great power and beauty which loyalty possesses.

Now what is this thing that makes

us true to each other? What is this binding, integrating spirit that maintains and preserves the integrity of the home? What is this something that in a moment of crisis spings up within the wellsprings of our own natures and makes us respond to the earth upon which we were born? What is there that makes you loyal to the little village where you first saw the light of day as long as life lasts for you? What is it that makes you loyal to the State in which you were born, to the city in which you live, to the block in which is your home, and to the home itself? What is the real, underneath truth about this most attractive or virtues, that makes your heart leap and your lips sing when it is practiced at its highest and best,—LOYALTY.

Well, one of the most classic things that can be said about loyalty, it seems to me, is that it is a two-way virtue. One of the very basic, fundamental techniques in the practice of loyalty is that it cannot be practiced ALONE—*Loyalty, to be Loyalty, must always have duality of relationship.* We are loyal to someone and it may be beautiful, but unless that someone is loyal to us there is difficulty. We may be loyal to a nation, give our dollars, our lives and make red mud on the flats of Pacific islands—we may give everything we have to our nation—and that implies the nation has likewise a responsibility to return that loyalty to us. You may give your heartaches, your tears, your sorrows in a beautiful blending of sacrificial loyalty to someone who may break your heart, and it may be beautiful, but unless that loyalty is responded to by the reflexes of returned loyalty, then agony is the by-product of that loyalty. Your hearts can be broken while they remain loyal.

Therefore in any philosophy of any presentation of the virtue of loyalty, the two-way character of the passage of its virtue must be established as fundamental in its practice. It is a beautiful thing to see a mother clinging, with her heart broken in a million fragments, to her disgraced and dishonored son murderer. It is a beautiful thing to see a mother take that boy to her bosom, as she did in infancy, and put her arms around him, in the despised, dishonored, shameful tragedy of his life, while a condemning, demanding world of stern public opinion cries "His Life for the Life he took!"—It is a beautiful thing to see that mother hold that criminal to her breast again. That's beautiful, *BUT IT IS NOT ENOUGH!* That loyalty is only an *UNFINISHED* thing, for the accumulative result of our loyalty should not be a heartbreak or a heartache. The solitary practice of a mother's loyalty is probably the most beautiful thing in the world, but it is not the basis for all the story. Your friend, someone you have trusted—and there is not one of you who has not been betrayed. I venture that I could go to every human heart in the congregation this morning and stored away in some hidden place of your consciousness is a heartache, and it hurts, and you can transform every hour of pleasantry and fellowship and gladness into a pang whenever you recapture the memory of that buried experience in your heart of someone who betrayed you, someone who failed you, someone, perhaps, to whom you had given everything of loyalty that you had—and they failed you. Loyalty can bring tears, can't it? There is more than one woman who may be here or listening, who is loyal, but heartbroken, and loyalty is not the virtue which was touched by the approbation of the gods when it means heartache or heartbreak. That beauty is marred with the presence of dead ashes. That loyalty may be immortalized in poem, solidified in music on the printed

page with cold notes, it may be brought to life, breathing life, out of a cold bit of marble by a sculptor, it may be portrayed in all the histrionic genius of the dramatist, it may be all of these things, *but it is not the WHOLE SOLUTION OF THE BEAUTY POTENT IN LOYALTY.*

I am thinking of men and women now who have been broken by disloyalty, unable to find compensation for that kind of breaking of life, bewildered, trying to find a way to overcome their heartbreak . . . . every mail that comes into this Church office brings a letter, and sometimes more, scores more, from people who are suffering from the disloyalty of others. Nothing in this world can create more havoc, more heartache than disloyalty, and the world is just full of human beings suffering from disloyalty, until, when I sit down quietly and alone and try to think through what would be the best thing to say in the opportunity of the morning which would be a vital and contributing factor to the recovery of the lost energies which are destroyed and mutilated by the vice of disloyalty and which can be overcome by the virtue of loyalty, I am almost overwhelmed.

Now when you have lived quite a while in the world and have met quite a few people and have tried to study human nature and have known a great deal about human experiences, and what people do and how they react under certain conditions and circumstances, and analyse this question of human personality as I have tried to do in all of its ramifications and aspects, you think that you learn something about human nature, and you would think that when you know so many people who have difficulties and tragedies and the disappointments of life sweep over them and surge about them like mighty billows of destruction, that you might have a tendency to become disillusioned about the decency of human nature itself. I am not disillusioned. I hold rather closely and carefully to what I think has been affirmed by the experience of the years, that by the by and on the whole there are many more good people in the world than bad, many more honest people than dishonest, many more kind people than unkind, many more considerate people than inconsiderate, and many more loyal people than disloyal, but the great difficulty is that when life moves with an evenness the reflecting beauty and power of some of these virtues seem to be modified by the smoothness of the way. I suppose that that is the basis for the thing we call the "lovers' quarrel," where people who love each other and are devoted to each other, quarrel. I had a young man tell me not so very long ago, who had passed through one of those experiences, that the joy of making up renewed a sweetness to love that he thought had been lost until they had a good row, and then when they had a good row and a little difficulty and trouble there was a sweetness about the making up that was worth all the row. I think that is rather universal. I think it is almost a universal trait and you cannot look at this thing as purely negative; but that really is not the loyalty that was in my heart this morning. I have personalized the sermon so far, I have brought it into the area in which you and I live and I do not need to reiterate the experiences from the practice of loyalty: nothing more beautiful in the world, as you know. I know nothing comparable with it, and the thing about it is this: that when something overwhelms your life and you are faced with an important decision in that life, the remembrance of loyalty strengthens and sustains. When you are having the hardest hour of your life and suddenly you

remember there is someone loyal to you, that automatically, psychologically, IMMEDIATELY CREATES, AT ONCE, STRENGTH FOR YOU! Do you see what I mean? You can be battling hard and the storm can be severe and the lightning can be sharp and dangerous, and the sky can be filled with hate and the bombs can drop, and the fine son can die, and your whole life can be enshrouded in misery and anguish and in sorrow, and right in the midst of it someone demonstrates to you that they are loyal, and at once you get stronger . . . . what is that? That is the creative rebound from constructive Godlike attitudes.

I wish the people in the world could learn that! Will you tell me how to say it? Will you tell me what I can do to make more people realize that truth? I look at the highways, people listening now, I look at the ease, the contentment, I look at the indulgence, the luxury, I look at the sin, and there was never more of it than now, I look at the broken lives on the street, I go into the prison cells, I see it in jails and penitentiaries . . . . before next Sunday night I am going to put the clear cold light of psychological, microscopical intensity on the life of that boy who on Tuesday committed that ghastly murder . . . I look at humanity against the background of this most fundamental upheaval the world has known in which form its influence there is infiltrating into every human heart and every human life the inevitable reactions of widespread hate. You are war casualties, every one of you. There is not one of you who is not a victim; it is everywhere, we are all victims. Loose in the world today is the most diabolical world spirit of destruction civilization has even known, and it is directed and darting against your heart and mine. We need something that we have long neglected to save ourselves. Don't think that you have got to die on a battlefield, or in the ocean, or in the air to be a war casualty: you have not. You see it everywhere. I don't know what I can do. To me it is sometimes like a burden on my shoulders. I am speaking to thousands of people every week of my life; I can visualize every night at six o'clock how many millions I don't know, and in this hour the burden of what I am going to reveal to you in the closing moments of this sermon this morning is a burden that sometimes seems very powerful and very heavy, when you have to carry it in a world that has gone mad and where that madness has gone right down into the inner circles of homes. It gets into businesses, into churches, we find it on every step and pathway of our lives, this ghastly, psychological condition that settles down upon us all. In the madness of this hour men and women are seeking release and abandonment from their irritations, from their lives, their illnesses, their incompetency, their inability to maintain poise, from their lack of equilibrium, from their hastily spoken words . . . . . when will humanity learn that to hate, to lie, to attempt to destroy another, to be untrue, to be unkind, to be disloyal is all poison, just as poisonous as though I were to lift that glass of water in my hand at this moment, throw the water upon the floor of this platform, fill that glass with carbolic acid and drink it: it would kill me. I would never walk from this pulpit. Why do you fill the glasses of life with the carbolic acid that is killing you? Why do you commit moral and spiritual suicide by your hates, your disloyalties, your irritations? The rebuff and rebound against this is being felt in every Criminal Court of the land! Crime is on the increase, particularly among the youth of this nation. In our own district within a block of this Church, living

within a radius of almost its front door are twelve youths of the ages of 12, 14, 15 and 17, from families that were good, and tomorrow morning these boys will be arraigned in the courts of our city for crime. This thing is settling down upon us all, and unless you are careful it will kill you. We need to recapture and recover again some of the fundamental loyalties of life.

People sometimes wonder why they are ill, they sometimes wonder why life goes badly, people who had dreams of what they were going to be and what they were going to do with life. Those dreams fall and crash about them and they stand in the ruins and wonder what happened, little realizing that every moment of hate I give, every lie I tell, every unkindness that I do, every bit of jealousy that sweeps into my heart, every ounce of envy in my heart is going to keep poisoning my body, soul and mind until I will not be able to be my best, or to do my work. These are the things that kill!

I know people who are disillusioned, their dreams in a thousand fragments; they are frightened and they wonder why it happened to them. No mystery at all, perfectly plain, you don't have to give any concern as to the reason. Ladies and gentlemen, those things which destroy, destroy finally; those things which build, build finally and permanently, and if your life is in chaos, if you have troubles you cannot handle, if your body is racked with disease and pain, if you are succumbing to the psychosis of this hour, *NOW, AT ONCE, CHANGE IT ALL, GET RID OF THE DISLOYALTY, TEAR OUT THE HYPOCRISY, STIFLE THE ENVY, OVERCOME THE MALICE, BUILD, BUILD: EVERY CONSTRUCTIVE, CREATIVE, UNIFYING, INTEGRATING THOUGHT THAT I EVER HAD IN MY LIFE BUILDS MY BODY, BUILDS MY SOUL, BUILDS MY HEART!* I cannot afford to let the dreams in, I have my work to do! I want to live and live well and beautifully, and the things that would destroy me I cannot harbor: hate, jealousy, poison, carbolic acid, it will kill you! Move on this morning to the higher altitude, get on the mountain top, bury your pride, get creative, get constructive, don't lie, be honest. Fundamentally, do you know what will happen? Your troubles will clear up, you will have a better week physically than you have had this winter, the fog will lift from your mind, conscience will be keen! Put your life up against the eternal life of God and a miracle will happen! It will!

There was an old gentleman who was very much interested in gardens and he saw out in Colorado once what seemed to him the smallest garden he had even seen. The old gardener who kept it was not rich, he had very little land, but he had the most beautiful garden this man had ever seen, and the man visiting this little miniature garden, which seemed so tiny and small, said to him: "What gives this tiny garden the appearance of space? Why, it seems so long and so wide; what have you done to this garden to make it seem so large" Do you know what the old gardener replied? "When I laid out the garden, I had my path lead, unobstructed, to the background of the mountains. My vista is against the mountains—I annexed the mountains." You try that in building your garden.

NO MAN REGRETS THE FLIGHT OF TIME LIKE THE ONE WHO FAILS TO IMPROVE IT. —*Elbert Hubbard.*

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

CERTAIN sermons, lectures, or nightly broadcasts seem to bring response from special types of people, such as doctors, ministers, writers, printers, young people, elderly people, farmers—people in special walks of life. As I read some of the letters stacked on my desk it is interesting to note there are a great many teachers listening to Dr. Bradley's broadcasts, and one broadcast in particular regarding "unrestricted youth" met with such approval of the teachers, they could not refrain from writing. Their remarks on the subject, and expressions of appreciation may interest our readers, so I'll open the mail bag of teachers' letters and give you some excerpts from them.

It is difficult to choose from the many, but our space is limited and we cannot print them in full, much as we know you would enjoy them. The first one I pick up is from Chicago, and follows in part:—

"We enjoy and appreciate every word of your broadcasts. Especially do I feel the truth of your statements concerning adolescents and their problems, and most of all the lack nowadays of parental care and supervision. Having spent years in the schoolroom, someway I feel qualified to speak.

"Living on the South Side, and a city resident for only the last four years of my life, I am terribly disturbed by the noisy young people—the screams of young girls—at all hours of the night and early morning! I feel the taverns are largely to blame.

"Thank you for all your help."

The next was received from Joliet, Illinois:—

"Our household consists of four members—my brother who is a doctor, my sister, my daughter and myself.

"Often have we listened to your sermons on Sundays and lectures, and have always been impressed with your broadmindedness and inspiring messages. Never did we like you better than last night when you spoke of your parents. They were like our own wonderful parents: God-fearing, kind, but never was there any doubt as to 'who was boss.' *My sister, a retired school principal, especially appreciated the reference to the usual 'comeback' when a teacher makes a suggestion to a parent.*

"Best wishes to you and congratulations for your good work."

Here is such a friendly, interesting letter, too long to pass on to you, but we appreciated it very much. It is from a retired school teacher in East Peoria, Illinois, who was injured in an automobile accident, and now spends her time reading and writing and listening to the radio. She lives with a brother who owns a print-shop—they are making a home for each other—the two, all there are left of their family. She writes:—

"You are a busy man, but I

must claim some of your time to tell you how much enjoyment is mine because of your talks. I listen consistently to war news over the radio. One evening at six o'clock, hunting for news I paused on my radio at WGN and found your broadcast. Now I listen regularly.

"I was a school teacher thirty-two years. Nearly all of that time my mother was an invalid, and died eight years ago. You spoke tonight of your obedience to your parents. Ours was such a home also. We had little money but much respect. We had little, but mentally never felt the pinch of poverty. We kept our mother after our father died, as long as she lived, comfortably and happily. It was not a duty or a burden, but a privilege, only wishing we could do more, appreciating how she had sacrificed and cared for us, giving us freely of her personality and training. She had been a teacher, so had my father. Your talk tonight brought this all back.

"Many of my pupils are gone—'Somewhere on the Pacific'—one lad wrote. I have taught in country, small town and city; in grade and high school. I think there is too much 'system' in city life; too little of the great poems and history and biography taught in our schools; too much sports, vocational work; too little thinking—just 'Follow the leader' blindly. Get out for a game! But we shall have to think now, and sacrifice!

"My grandfather was born in 1791, was a Colonel in the War of 1812. My grandmother's uncle was one of four men who helped Robert Morris keep Washington's army fed at Valley Forge. Their sons fought in the Civil War, their grandsons in World War No. 1 and great-grandsons in this war.

"Every evening I shall be listening to your talk and be thankful for the radio that your thoughts may penetrate, through its broadcast, into thousands of homes. The culture of the ages is not to be lost, but we need great leaders. Every war has brought them forward. God grant they come out of this one! All honor to you!"

Here is an interesting message from the North Woods:—

"While immured in solitude in a log cabin in the midst of a snow-bound waste in the North Woods, I turned on my radio this evening. It was my good luck to hear your talk over WGN. Your remarks should have struck home to the mothers of 'problem children' as they call some of the darlings.

"I taught school many years ago and I speak from experience when I say that many of the 'problem children' can be solved by the judicious use of the hickory. I spoke to a P. T. A. up this way some months ago along the lines you did this evening, only I did not sugar-coat my remarks. When I got through only three women out of 150 clapped for me.

"You may recall I had something to do with securing the site for Sherman Park Library when living in Chicago.

"Thanking you for your fine talks, I am"

And some teachers listening in from South Bend, Indiana, wrote a kind note of appreciation signed by two of them:—

"Your 'Friendly Tapestries of Life' are a daily inspiration to us who are *teachers in our city schools.* We hope that this eve-

ning's broadcast was heard by many parents. Never has there been a time when schoolroom discipline was so difficult. We agree with you that there has been a laxity of parental responsibility.

"It will be a pleasure to have this program continue indefinitely."

* * *

With that thought we close the Mail Bag. Be sure to write! and

KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

AN IMPORTANT INVITATION!

I know that every friend, radio listener and member of the Peoples Church of Chicago who reads these words, will immediately reserve the evening of Thursday, April 30. On that night, at 8:00 o'clock, in our church auditorium, the Trustees and Officers of all allied organizations of the church, invite you to the THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY OBSERVANCE of the pastorate of Dr. Bradley. We had planned to hold our Thirtieth Annual Banquet on the same day in the grand ballroom of the Stevens Hotel. More than 2,000 people were present at the Twenty-fifth Anniversary, and this year we had planned on welcoming 3,000 people.

At a recent meeting of our Board, we concluded that owing to the many demands upon us all, it would be more appropriate if we were to make a wartime sacrifice of a banquet, and hold an 8:00 o'clock public service in commemoration of this important event. The fact is that the cancellation of the banquet was suggested by Dr. Bradley. We, the Board of Trustees, have concurred, and have decided to postpone the dinner until it can be a Victory Dinner.

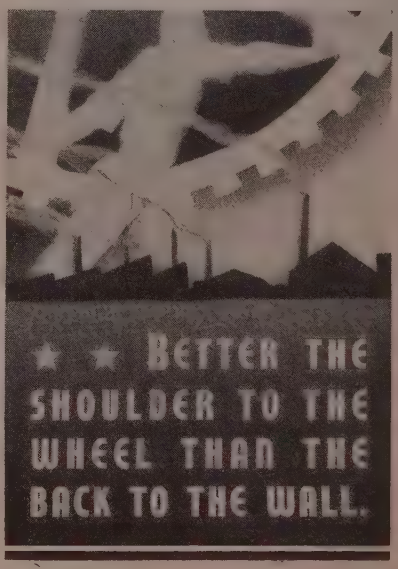
Everyone is invited. There will be no cost whatsoever. A varied program of exceptional interest will be presented. We want Dr. Bradley to know the place he occupies in our affections and we want a great demonstration of the loyalty and love which we bear for him who has served us so long, so faithfully and so effectively.

Our church has more than a national reputation. Its sphere of influence has increased with the passing of every year. Thousands of people look to it from week to week as a source of inspiration and encouragement.

Now is our opportunity to return to our pastor the same encouragement and inspiration which he has been giving us unselfishly for so long.

Will you consider this a personal invitation, as no other invitation will be issued. Please reserve the date at once, and may it be the greatest evening in the whole thirty years of the life of our church.

Walter H. Hermsdorf,
President, Board of Trustees.



The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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Editorial

IT WAS encouraging and not a little refreshing for the American people to hear from the lips of the President of the United States, in his last radio address, that he did not believe we were complacent about this war. Almost daily I meet people from the Atlantic or the Pacific coasts who tell me that we out here in the middle west do not realize that there is a war going on; that we are complacent about the whole matter; that we are not war-minded; that our own sense of security and our own fortunate geographical location has a tendency to make us all feel that this whole matter, as far as attack on us is concerned, should cause no special anxiety. Probably most of my readers are as familiar with this accusation as I am, and of course in the President's address he was not speaking to any particular locality of the nation; he was speaking to the whole nation. I don't think this matter of complacency is one which is so easily dismissed by identifying it with certain locations.

Obviously there was a time when the whole nation was very complacent. There must have been or we would not now be in the position we are in. We had not a one year warning nor a six months' warning, nor a two years' warning, but a fifteen years' warning. We had a warning when Hitler delivered his famous Munich speech, fifteen years ago last summer, when he said "Follow me, and I will have you singing again 'Deutschland über alles'; follow me, and we will not pay another dollar of a war indemnity we did not create; follow me and we will purge our veins and arteries of every drop of blood which is not Teuton; follow me and we will be Germans again; follow me and we will not ask the world to respect us; we will command it!"

In that last sentence Hitler used the word "world." That was our warning, fifteen years ago, and then, when they wrote these words into the marching song of Germany, "Europe Today and the World Tomorrow," we had another warning; and the fact of the matter is, when the President of the United States delivered his now famous quarantine address here in the City of Chicago, at the dedication of the Randolph

Street bridge, we had a warning then. We had it in the first copy of Mein Kampf that came from the presses in the United States, printed in the English language, and that was some years ago. We have had plenty of warnings of these things, but we believed and hoped, up until the very last, that there was some other way than the way of war. We thought we had gentlemen to deal with. We have found out to our sorrow and tragedy that we had not.

It is quite true that we have had some illusions. We felt that inasmuch as we were the richest and the most powerful people in the world, we could not lose the war, and we have been experimenting with the effort to win the war without using some of the best men of the nation in an official capacity, regardless of party politics, religion or race. We thought we could win it without eliminating some high military officers and naval commanders who were still thinking in terms of defense only, and not in terms of offense.

I still maintain that this war will last until the united nations are able to bring the war home to the Japanese Islands, and right where the Japanese live. We will probably not get into this offensive until after the military highway has been built from the United States through Canada into Alaska, enabling us to make an attack direct on the islands and cities of Japan direct from our bases in the Aleutian Islands and in Alaska. If it takes two years or four years to get that highway in operation, that's just how long it will be, for Japan and Germany both will only understand what this really means when it comes to their own firesides and their own soil. To think anything else in this hour is to me ridiculous.

Complacency was again manifested in our deluding ourselves into thinking that we could win this war and catch up with the years-ahead start which the enemy nations had. Right now we are only offering ships fast enough to take the place of those which are being torpedoed. That isn't catching up on an enemy; and last year we had a national income of a hundred billion dollars and produced only fifteen billion dollars worth of war goods, and most of them went into trucks and non-combat planes. But Germany, with a national income of only 40 billions of dollars, produced between 25 and 27 billion dollars worth of war goods, most of which were actually weapons for fighting war. And Japan and Italy brought the total Axis production to about 45 billion, which is more than the United States, Britain and Russia produced in a similar length of time.

To continue this sort of policy means to lengthen the war, and for anybody to do anything, say anything, give anything, act in any way which in any way, in any degree will increase the length of this war is little short of traitordom. This war must be won, and it must be won in the shortest possible time. We are five years behind the Germans in converting over our industrial plants, and the country is full of small industrial plants that run into all sorts of involved red tape in order to get on the basis of production for military purposes. Sometimes I think that what we ought to have is a war council of our nation: a group of men and not a large group numerically, but a group of the ablest men and women in this nation, from every region, from every walk of life—people who are unimpeachable and hold the esteem of this nation for their ability, and set them up as a super-war-council, while we declare a moratorium on politics and this everlasting procedure of men going out and attempting to sell themselves as the right individual for public office, when the best men for public office should now be drafted for

the sphere in this war setup where they are most needed. That's the policy the military forces are attempting to follow in our Selective Service Act—they are trying to put the right man in the right place,—and the nation should be doing the same thing. There have been efforts along this line in some very remarkable selections which have been made of men recently, a notable example being Mr. Donald M. Nelson; but the same thing should pertain all through the whole structure of our war setup.

This hour is vastly more serious than it is even possible for us to realize, and the slogan should be from one end of the nation to the other, "No exemptions for anybody. Every man, woman and child in the place where they can best serve," that the cause which we love, and for which brave men are dying while I speak these words, shall not perish from the earth.—P.B.

BOOK CHATS

YOU WILL recall that in last month's "Book Chats" I spoke to you about "The Valor of Ignorance," by Homer Lea. Harper & Brothers have republished the book and it is now available; but a book by the same author, not so well known and first published in 1912, has just been republished by the same publishers. Homer Lea wrote "The Day of the Saxon" after "The Valor of Ignorance," and in "The Day of the Saxon" he deals with the question of the British Empire and its future. The prophetic quality of the little hunchback who became a military expert is as definitely affirmed in this book as in his first.

The book was written as the result of a trip made at the invitation of England's Field Marshal, Lord Roberts, who had been impressed with "The Valor of Ignorance." At the same time Lea was invited by Kaiser Wilhelm to see the annual military maneuvers. He witnessed the German maneuvers, as Clare Boothe has said, from a carriage with high cushions, which the Kaiser, himself a cripple with a withered arm, had ordered. All political and military doors in Germany were automatically opened to the "General," who had never been asked to enter the doors of the White House or, as he dearly would have preferred, those of West Point.

In spite of this flattering attention, or perhaps because of it, Lea's estimate of the essential German character remains so objective that it holds good to this day. Fresh and pertinent as though it had been written this morning are his findings on the racial character Germans insist on giving to their war making. Lea today would be saddened and fearful anew to hear so many asserting that Hitler is our enemy, and not the German people. He would most certainly insist that only to deal with the Fuehrer and Nazi leaders would simply be leaving Germany lying fallow for another Hitler. He would know that the education which the Nazis have been handing out to the German children now growing to manhood and womanhood would have to be completely reorganized.

In "The Day of the Saxon" he foretold England's present difficulties. I recommend that you read "The Day of

the Saxon" after you have read "The Valor of Ignorance," for both of these books are military documents of vital importance to every American citizen.

* * *

Blayney F. Matthews, a former special agent of the F. B. I., and former chief of the Bureau of Investigation of the District Attorney's office of Los Angeles, California, has just written a very sane, scientific book, which he calls "The Specter of Sabotage." The book came to my study table recently and I am convinced that every executive, every employer, as well as every worker, ought to know this book. There is no hysteria in it, or far-fetched conclusions or bombastic threats. It deals with a very important matter. As the effect of the United States in the war begins to be felt, undoubtedly we will have an increase of sabotage activities.

I find the book exceptionally well-balanced and well-documented, with a valuable employment questionnaire, as well as a list of industries vulnerable to sabotage. Management and labor ought not to neglect this book. We have some unpleasant memories of former experience with saboteurs in the last war which should not find us unprepared in the present emergency.

* * *

A book by John Steinbeck is always an event in my life. "Grapes of Wrath" was one of the greatest books of our generation. Now he gives us a comparatively small book called "The Moon is Down." It can be read at one sitting, and for the first time since he wrote his first novel twelve years ago, the author has gone outside of America for his setting. He follows the experiment started in "Of Mice and Men," of writing a short novel having the time and place disciplines of the stage. The scene of the book is in conquered country of any time. The author has refrained from making it literally true to actual events. In this it has a value apart from the kind of book which is a factual record; and underlying the whole book is the theme that a brave people is always an unconquerable people.

It will be an experience for you to read this book. John Steinbeck writes with a clarity, precision and simplicity which establishes him securely as one of the most significant voices of this and many generations.

* * *

May first has been announced as the closing date for Harper & Brothers' Anniversary Prize Award Contest for the best book of non-fiction submitted before that date. The prize is $12,500 and the judges are to be J. Donald Adams, editor of the New York Times Book Review, Harry Scherman, president of the Book of the Month Club, and the editors of Harper & Brothers.

This year Harper & Brothers, publishing firm, celebrate their 125th anniversary, and I am honored that my own book, "Life and You," was published by this fine old publishing house. Harper & Brothers was founded by James Harper and his brother John in March, 1817, and the first book they published was an imprint of "Seneca's Morals." Two younger brothers, Joseph and Fletcher, worked as compositors in their brothers' printing shop. Many of the most significant books published in this country in a century have been published by this firm.

* * *

Do you remember the delightful and enduring story of "The Yearling" by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings? To me it was one of the loveliest novels in years. It will be read again and again by those who love fine but virile writing. I do not think I am extravagant when I say that "The Yearling" will always be considered one of the finest examples of the American novel.

It will be good news to all who enjoyed "The Yearling" to know that Charles Scribner's Sons have just published a new book by the author of "The Yearling" entitled "Cross Creek." It is not a novel; it is one of those books difficult to classify, but only a good novelist could have written it. As one critic has said: "Observation and acquaintance have become insight; experience is not mere event, but response. The novelist's awareness has touched people and place and incident and the result is beauty and laughter and poignancy and truth, for she has recorded in this Florida back-country which the author has made her home, the folk and the creatures of "Cross Creek." I predict it will be one of the most welcome books published this year.

* * *

Our regular Wednesday evening book lectures for the season came to a close on the last Wednesday evening of March, when I spoke on Upton Sinclair's "Dragon's Teeth." As I take a backward glance across the winter's work I think it has been one of our most successful seasons. I have reviewed and lectured upon nineteen books, to a total attendance of nearly 25,000 people. These book lectures are now a Chicago institution, and I shall look forward to resuming them on the first Wednesday of next November.

* * *

I take this opportunity of thanking those who have been so loyal in their attendance during the winter and have given me such responsive, delightful, inspiring audiences and particularly I want to thank the hundreds who brought books to the last two or three lectures to be given to the Victory Book Campaign. We were able to donate about 3,000 volumes. I shall publish here from time to time during the next months, when the book lectures are closed, articles about books, lists of books, my reactions to certain books, and shall attempt to bring to the attention of our readers interesting and vital comments about books and literature.

P. B.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The Garden and Conservation Departments of The Woman's Club held a joint program in Channing Hall, March 16th. Philip Jorgensen, concert pianist and organist of The Peoples Church, was the musical artist of the afternoon, very graciously playing several selections in keeping with the subjects of the departments participating in the program.

Mrs. Robert Byron, chairman of Conservation four years in the Ninth District of the Federation, and two years for our Woman's Club, gave a most excellent and interesting report of the work of the Illinois Conservation Department during the period of her work with it. She told many interesting facts regarding conservation of wild flowers and how difficult it is to protect them from the ruthless vandalism that would destroy them because of people's selfish thoughtlessness. And she told of beautifying the highways, and the giving of awards for the best kept premises surrounding farm homes; and of game, fish and wild life protection and, astonishingly, of how much of this work is financed by money collected from licenses issued to fishermen and hunters.

Illinois had fifteen million acres of trees when our early forefathers came to this state, and now we have about six million, with only three million acres in forest. Rightfully, all we can think of now is how can we help to

win this war. Conservation of our forests and our foods is a large and important factor in the Defense plan.

Mrs. Byron spoke of the unbelievable number of vacant lots in this city that could be made into Victory Gardens—a project that will undoubtedly begin before very long. Mrs. Byron closed her part of the program by announcing that three acres of trees had been presented to the Illinois Forestry Department of Conservation in the name of Mrs. R. W. Lee, our beloved president of the Woman's Club, one in loving memory of Mrs. Alice Logeman, and one in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Joseph C. Beck, the latter presented by Mrs. Clyde Bassler.

Mrs. Lee said, in thanking Mrs. Byron, that this was the largest bouquet she had ever received! It gives one a fine feeling to know an acre of trees has been planted in one's name that fifty years from now may be very necessary to one's state.

Following Mrs. Byron, Mrs. Bradley was introduced. In her opening remarks, Mrs. Bradley stated that robins had arrived in Lincoln Park, that lacy tree shadows cast by the late afternoon sun were much warmer in tone, even though March winds still blew chill, and that Spring was officially expected the end of the week, all this being quite in keeping with the National Flower and Garden Show being held at the Amphitheatre March 15th to 22nd. "And now," said Mrs. Bradley, "it is with pardonable pride and great pleasure I can announce to you that in the name of The Woman's Club of The Peoples Church, I was awarded two Blue Ribbons, one for each of our exhibits—a luncheon table setting, and a Shadow Box."

Upon this announcement there was considerable excitement, Mrs. Lee rising quickly to her feet, the entire audience following suit and clapping appreciative applause. After this Mrs. Bradley spoke of the great beauty of the Flower Show, calling it "The Cathedral of Growing Things," saying "the slogan used out there 'Flowers Build Morale,' is a very true statement. Spring will not step aside for war. Trees will bud and come into leaf, flowers will have courage to grow and bloom, and stars will shine, even though there are planes and bombs beneath them. If a gardener can find peace working in a garden, if beauty can feed heart and mind when all else is sorrow,—if a walk on soft grass under friendly trees, or drinking in the beauty of flowers, breathing their enchanting scent, brings surcease for a little while from care, sorrow and worry over war and all it means—then surely 'Flowers Build Morale'—and Gardens *are* for Victory!"

At the close of Mrs. Bradley's remarks she showed colored slides of her Minnesota garden.

Mrs. Luebbe, of the Luebbe Florists, demonstrated flower arrangements with a dozen or more artistic flower vases and bowls, and many varieties of fresh flowers, almost transforming Channing Hall into a flower show!

With everyone congratulating Mrs. Bradley and Mrs. Carl Johnson, her co-chairman, on their achievement at the Flower Show, the afternoon closed with coffee and cake served from a table decorated with St. Patrick's shamrocks and green candles.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

By the time this magazine comes from the press, the well-known blustering activity of March will be over probably—though we can't be too sure, for sometimes as March goes one way and April comes along the other, they

seem to get all mixed up, until for a few days we can't tell whether we are in March or in April.

The activity of the club was much like the weather, for we came into March with a great deal of blustering activity. On the 9th there was the "Children's Specialties," a truly delightful program of dancing by a well-trained group of children, with a young boy singer whose voice is quite outstanding for its clarity and sweetness.

The very next evening came the annual meeting of the Church, when women from our club presided over the refreshment tables. And, at the end of the week, on Saturday evening, the Woman's Club and our Club joined hands in a dancing party to which soldiers from Fort Sheridan were invited.

The dance was held in The Great Hall, with Henry Bernell's musicians furnishing the music. As one passed the refreshment tables in the reception room, it did seem that there was enough food for the army and the navy as well. Transportation for the soldiers had not been furnished, and as there is that problem when one invites the service men from a distance, some of the soldiers did not arrive. Many of the boys who came assured their hostesses they had had a "wonderful" time and were certainly going to publicize the Peoples Church at Fort Sheridan and let the boys who did not arrive know what they had missed.

Several of the church members remarked that we should have such parties once a month, for they felt it was a splendid opportunity for getting better acquainted with each other, and that though more soldiers were expected than were there, the party was a great success. Everyone seemed to think the same, even those who came from Austin and Riverside, for it was necessary to "blink the lights" in order to clear the hall before 12:00 o'clock.

We will usher out the month of March with our "Good Neighbor" Town Meeting, with speakers from our own membership: Louise Wieland Appel, Adelaide M. Thomason and Edith Sley. The president, Ethel Smalley, is acting as moderator. Perhaps when this meeting is over, with its question period at the close, we will be glad to settle down to the quietness of April and its gentle rains, and our regular two meetings as planned for the month.

At our first meeting in April, on Monday the 13th, we will give a party to our new members and expect a very fine attendance. Mrs. Carl Johnson, our membership chairman, will be in charge of the evening and we especially invite all who have joined the club this season and also those who would like to join but haven't done so.

April meetings will close with Harriet Newman, Program Chairman, presenting Margaret March-Mount of the United States Department of Agriculture, speaking on "The Human Side of Forestry." The date, Monday, April 27th.

Pamphlet Describes "What's Going On At Peoples Church"

New members of the Peoples Church will surely want to obtain copies of a small mimeographed pamphlet called "What's going on at Peoples Church." This booklet, just prepared, gives a brief description of each of the organizations of the Church, tells who may join them, explains the purposes of each, and tells when and where each club meets. In addition it contains a CLUB TIME TABLE giving a calendar of the month's meetings.

Any new members wishing to know more about the organizations of the Church, or any old member who has not yet become affiliated with a church group but would like to, is urged to ask the office or the usher for a copy of this pamphlet. When you do get this booklet, show it to your friends and ntighbors and help them to become interested and active in the Peoples Church. V.K.B.

UPTOWN PLAYERS

The Uptown Players are now in their 16th season of continuous and successful play production and their 2nd season at the Civic Theatre. Under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin, their founder and organizer, they have presented to Chicago theatre-goers the best plays available to non-professional organizations.

This season they opened on October 24th and 25th with Samson Raphaelson's SKYLARK, starring Marjorie Lamie and Leslie J. Walker. This was followed by Lillian Hellman's great play, THE LITTLE FOXES, starring Lenore Brown as Regina Giddens. As the third production of the season, in response to numerous requests, the Up-town Players presented a revival of Thornton Wilder's OUR TOWN which they had included in their 1938-1939 season. This was followed by MR. AND MRS. NORTH, a lively mystery-comedy by Owen Davis.

As the closing production of the 1941-1942 season the Uptown Players take great pleasure in announcing that they have secured the rights to THE LAND IS BRIGHT, the latest Edna Ferber-George Kaufman play which recently closed a successful run on Broadway. This will be the Chicago premiere of this great play, inasmuch as no plans have been made to send a professional cast to Chicago. The play brings to life America's latter-day history divided into three panels, each depicting a different generation of the same family. In the first generation (1890) Lacey Kincaid has run a pickax into a $200,000,000 fortune. He cheats his partners, steals a railroad, builds a red-plush mansion and, hell-bent on outshining the Goulds, the Astors and the Vanderbilts, marries his daughter to a decadent count. The second generation of Kincaids (1920) still believes that "there is nothing that money can't fix." A daughter has become a European wastrel, a son has become a die-hard reactionary. Among the grandchildren are a philanderer and a consort of gangsters. Members of the third generation (1941) under impact of national crisis rededicate their lives to the country that gave them their wealth.

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director of The Uptown Players, has assembled a cast of the finest talent available in little theatre, including Marjorie Lamie, Leslie J. Walker, Marion Gibney, Howard Cox, Ethel Kuhn, Robert Hartman, Duke Watson, Alice Dineen, Patricia Fagen, Don James, Peggy Oudshoff, Judith Tom, and many others.

Performance dates for THE LAND IS BRIGHT are April 17 and 18, at the Civic Theatre, Washington Boulevard and Wacker Drive. All seats are reserved and are priced at 55c, 83c, and $1.10. They are now on sale at the studio, 410 S. Michigan Ave., Webster 2123. Special attention and reduced rates will be given to organizations desiring to arrange theatre parties.

The April Drama Tea will be held on Sunday, April 12, at 4 o'clock in Channing Hall. Guest artists will be Mary Thurlow, contralto, accompanied by Bernard Helfrich; Roger Hill, of The Todd School for Boys, Woodstock, who will show motion pictures of their summer theatre work; and Miss Helen Hoerle, well-known writer and lecturer, who will speak on PAPA IS ALL, now playing at the Blackstone Theatre.

TOWN HALL PRESENTS WELL KNOWN MODERATORS

Prominent Chicago leaders have been presented by the Town Hall Club of the Peoples Church in the capacity of "Guest Moderators" at the regular Town Hall Meetings. Such outstanding men as Harvey O'Connor, author, Horace Cayton, negro sociologist, Dr. Robert Havighurst, educator, William Hostetter, employers' attorney, and Frank McCulloch, labor attorney, have turned the spotlights of extensive experience upon the Town Hall questions. Not only have these men been chosen for their experience, but they have also been selected for their ability to lead open discussions giving members opportunities to speak their minds freely.

Probably the most exciting evening in the short history of the Town Hall Club was Thursday night, March 5th, when William Hostetter of the Chicago Employers' Association crossed swords with Frank McCulloch of the Mullenbach Industrial Institute on the question: "Is the Closed Shop Democratic?"

Each attorney presented his case in a brief address. They had agreed before the meeting opened to reserve their cross-examinations till after the members had had an opportunity to ask their own questions. However, since both speakers were asked to comment on most questions, the cross-examination began spontaneously. Does the minority in a union have any voice in its affairs? Does the unemployed man have a chance to influence the union? Is the employer merely trying to get a closed-shop against labor? Do employers attack the closed shop because they are opposed to all union methods and unions as such? These are just a few of the questions which stimulated the opposing attorneys to the most active "parry and thrust" known to Town Hall members in the short history of the club.

These two attorneys showed, in spite of their clashes, what we believe to be very nearly a model of free, democratic, good-natured exchange of ideas on a very serious question in which they both had firm but open-minded attitudes. It was truly a lesson in democratic self-discipline which is absolutely fundamental to the American way—as we think it *should be*.

This, by the way of example, shows what the Town Hall Club stands for and tries to do for the people of the Peoples Church. It is dedicated to FREE AND MUTUALLY RESPECTFUL DISCUSSION. Such discussion is material of democracy. These days of restricting of human liberties throughout the world and throughout America demand that free and liberal minded Americans uphold their right to, and practice, free and tolerant meeting and discussion.

Readers of The Liberalist are asked to tell their friends about the Town Hall Club so that they too may join the growing group of people who come together every Thursday night for discussions. Remember: there is no charge; this is an educational service of the Peoples Church. Meetings are at eight o'clock in Bradley Hall.

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"DESTINY OF WESTERN MAN"

By W. T. STACE

Book Review Given by Dr. Preston Bradley at The Peoples Church, March 4, 1942
STENOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED

THERE is an increasing tendency among publishers in the United States to offer rewards to writers, authors and teachers for significant manuscripts. Almost every publishing house in the United States has such prizes. These awards were comparatively unknown among our publishers here until the last few years, although on the other side of the ocean the older publishers in Great Britain and some of the older universities and colleges on the continent have been offering prizes for centuries. Winning one of these prizes establishes the reputation of the winner in whatever may be his field of work. This is not only true in the field of general philosophy, and economics, but also with the novel.

We are all familiar with the magnificent prize which the Atlantic Monthly gives every year in the field of fiction. A book accepted for such a prize means literally thousands of dollars to the author. There are other prizes given: Probably the largest prize from a monetary point of view is the $25,000 prize by the Trustees of Lake Forest University—the William Bross Lloyd prize, established by the Lloyd's, a very rich family and one of the stockholders of the Chicago Tribune. This prize has been established in the field of non-fiction. The last time it was given, it was won by Professor Rall of the faculty of Garret Biblical Institute of Northwestern University for his remarkable book which I have reviewed.

Tonight the book we are going to talk about is a prize book. It won the prize of $2500 offered by the publishers Reynal & Hitchcock. This prize was established for a book to be written by a professor or teacher in some reputable college or university in the United States, the book to be non-fiction and to be written in such a style as to appeal to the general reader. One hundred thirty-two manuscripts were submitted. the judges who acted upon these manuscripts were Mr. Henry Seidel Canby, the Editor of the Saturday Review of Literature, Mr. Carl Van Doren, whose name is well known among the literary folk, and William Allen Neilson, another distinguished literary critic. These men went over the one hundred thirty-two manuscripts and finally decided that far and above all the manuscripts submitted for this prize of $2500, the book we are going to talk about tonight merited the prize. Of course, apart from any monetary considerations, it was a very great honor to be given a prize.

The book had to conform to the ideal of the publisher, in presenting a problem of government or philosophy of life in such a way that the general reader would be interested in it. I have said repeatedly, and do not apologize for the repetition tonight, that it is one of the lamentable things connected with this whole question of the problems of government or civilization, that more people are not at work basically, as students, attempting to get underneath the verbiage and bombast and superficial-

ity of many, and thinking down to the bedrock of what constitutes a clear, concise, keen and rational point of view. To ask ourselves the question "What is Truth?" in any age is a challenge. We are all immensely and necessarily concerned with what will happen this afternoon, tonight, in the morning. Our whole method and means of life are being newly implemented and oriented with almost every 24 hours of time. There are very few people who feel they can take the time and spend the energy necessary for a deep and fundamental understanding of the basic truths behind this whole fabric of civilization. Therefore, when we come to a book like "Destiny of Western Man," it is like coming to an oasis in a very dry desert. It is one of the most concise, readable, rational of all the dialectical approaches of which I know. Of all the books which have been written about this problem of civilization, this book is one of the best. Outlining what the future may develop and hold for us all, this is one of the most wholly adequate and satisfactory books I have read upon this whole problem. It will be a great tragedy if the fact that it has a somewhat heavy title should discourage the general reader.

The old idea of being passive has gone. It is an era of action, and that is why educators are now giving us this kind of book. They are evidencing they must show to people that the ideals which command the loyalty of people must find a way to become articulate.

I think it would be well for us, before I attempt to get into the heart of the book, to meet the man who wrote it. That is essential. I read the book before I knew anything about the author. I was impressed before I finished the preface with the idea that here was a significant voice. I found out all I could about the man who wrote it.

W. T. Stace is British, born in the City of London, and like so many others with that background, has developed a very fine intellectual basis which is evidenced in a simplicity and clarity. The more highly tutored the mind is, the more alert it is, the more cultured it is, the more analytical, the more simple it is. One of the evidences of altitude in thinking is clarity. Pure thought is always clear; it is never involved. There is no more classic example of that than the thinking of Emerson, for instance, and the thinking of Whitman and of Lincoln. I think one of the greatest intellectuals alive is Professor Whitehead, Professor for many years in the University of Edinburgh. He is now on the retired list of Harvard. He wrote a book I wanted to lecture on to this lectureship, but I didn't do it because I was a little fearful. I didn't know what the people would think if I introduced a book as big as "Anthony Adverse," with the title of "The Adventure of Ideas," one of the great books in our language, written by the finest intellectual in the western world—Professor Whitehead. I was not amazed or surprised in reading through this book we are interested in tonight, to discover that Stace is tremendously obligated to Whitehead for idea after idea, giving evidence he had seen the crystal-like purity and simplicity of the great intellectual. It is a vastly different thing to come to terms intellectually than to come to terms emotionally.

W. T. Stace is not an emotional thinker. He has rhythm, a delightful style—some of his sentences are as musical as those of a poet. He has the capacity for the presentation of somewhat abstruse ideas with beautiful clarity, and there is some sentiment but never sentimentality. Always distin-

guish between sentiment and sentimentality. A sentimental person is frequently irritating. The person of sentiment is always refreshing. I do not like people who are just stone walls, who never register any reaction at all, and when there isn't a sparkle in the eye. I mean people who can emote. I like to see wrinkles and laughter and see the eyes light and glint and glisten, and, occasionally even a little temper—a little spirit. That's all beautiful. Deliver me from the type of person who never registers enthusiasm. I like enthusiastic people. They always respond and are never depressing.

W. T. Stace is a scholar and a scholar of the first order, but he is not the type of scholar who is detached or cold or austere. There is a reason for that. He was admitted to the University in London, England, and then he went to Trinity College in Dublin, and no one can associate with the Irish in Ireland and ever be the same again, even though they were born and reared in England.

Trinity College in Dublin is one of the oldest, and finest, universities in the world, just as is Queen's College in Belfast, up in Northern Ireland, which is my ancestors' home. It is one of the finest educational institutions in the world. Ireland had the first universities in Europe. The Irish were the first educators in the British Isles, older than Cambridge, than Oxford, than England. You can't blame the Irish for being a little bit cocky occasionally when an Englishman comes around. It's in their blood. It doesn't matter whether they are Catholic or Protestant. There never was a Protestant Irishman who wouldn't cuddle up a little to a Roman Catholic Irishman *outside* of Ireland, and there never was a Roman Catholic Irishman who didn't see something good in a Protestant Irishman *outside* of Ireland. It would be a different Ireland if they would treat each other *in* Ireland the same way.

W. T. Stace, at Trinity College in Dublin, wrote one of the finest books on the Philosophy of Hegel in existence. If you are interested in philosophy read this book. There you will find one of the best books in our language on the difficult philosophy of Hegel. He was awarded a Doctorate by Trinity College—and if you get that from Trinity College, you just put it in your pipe that you earned it. It wasn't given to you because you were this or that or the other or for political reasons and not because you were rich and might give a few thousand dollars to the institution or to the alumni fund. You don't get a degree from Irish colleges or universities unless you earn it. That's how he received his degree. He then did something very admirable for a scholar. It took him away from the ivory tower attitude. He went into the British Civil Service, which is never contaminated by any kind of political favoritism. It is *Civil Service* in Great Britain. It doesn't matter who is the Prime Minister, he cannot remove a member of the Civil Service in Great Britain, without a legal, bona fide, honest, open, fair trial. No political business in it, and no passing of a law at every session of the legislature to change it. He went into the Civil Service and had a very interesting experience in Ceylon. He went through a revolution between the Mohammedans and the Hindus. The same problem exists in India today.

In 1932, Mr. Stace of his own volition left the Civil Service, and came to Princeton University as a teacher. He is now a member of the faculty, one of the most distinguished men on the campus, and one of the most outstanding thinkers on these questions, which we have in the United

States today.

He has divided his book into three great divisions. The first part he calls *Good and Evil*. He breaks down the first part of the book on Good and Evil into an effort of dealing with the Skeptic and the Principle of Humanism, and in particular the philosophy which establishes a dogma in regard to evil and a dogma in regard to good.

Then in the second part of the book, he treats exhaustively and delightfully and fundamentally the question which he simply calls *Civilization*. He attempts to establish and prove that two oppositional imperatives have been working in opposition to each other. One has to do entirely with the creation of society into solidarity, and at the top placing something which he calls the state or the dictator or anything which you please, but something that holds within its folds tightly all the individual factors. It makes supreme this larger overpowering thing that manifests itself in dictators, totalitarian attempts and all the things we know of as totalitarian ideology. The other principle, the principle of separating, under the pressure of individual importance in the group of social organization, constantly making the effort to emphasize that the individual's fundamental right as an individual takes precedence over every other right that society imposes or creates. In other words, that the basic structure of the individual is the supreme thing in the cosmos; that the man doesn't revolve around the universe, but the universe revolves around man. He states clearly in his preface that the doctrine was crystallized for us in the western world. You notice he speaks of "western man"; he is dealing exclusively with western man; that the doctrine in the western world was stated as perfectly as it can be stated, when he said that "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" constitute the natural rights of man, and that all the centuries of the past have been pouring themselves upside-down into that mold, which is the conception of human rights. The basis for the conception is grounded in the natural structure of man himself; and that question he disposes of most brilliantly in the third chapter of the first part of the book, on Humanism.

Then he goes into the whole question of Civilization itself and philosophizes on this issue. If there is an alternative besides life, and liberty, and the pursuit of happiness for the individual, are we not, in our insistence on the ends, losing effectiveness in our technique of the means by which these ends are to be finally achieved? Here he indicts many things which the democracies have done. We all agree on the ends. There is no disagreement anywhere on the part of anybody as to the final end of man. We believe in man; man's right to be happy; man's right to live; man's right to get things to eat; man's right to effort; man's right to love; man's right to prolong his species. We believe in man's rights. These things we believe in. They are the ends, and there is no disagreement about the ends. The whole tragedy of history has been the confusion about how these things are to become realities. That signifies means. His concluding division of the book is called *Ultimate Questions;* there are these three divisions: *Good and Evil; Civilization; Ultimate Questions*. Then he gives us those two final illuminating chapters.

I could stand here tonight and read each word in those two final chapters, and every person's interest in this audience would be held. I think you would be thrilled by the conception. It would give you a new hope; a new attitude toward this whole problem of civiliza-

tion. How does he break them down?

The next to the last chapter he calls *Plato or Schopenhauer?* You find how Plato stands out in his validity and constant effort to impress us with the fact that the supremacy of reason should be more powerful as inspiring means to a certain end than the primacy of will which is Schopenhauer. Schopenhauer, the fatalist, the pessimist, who paved the way for Nietzsche; and Nietzsche, who paved the way for Hitler. Is there not this continuity in this great struggle of these two ideals to receive welcome in the intelligence of man? Plato, who placed the primacy on reason; that man is a reasoning animal, for he will sit down, with his own brains, and ask himself the question, "What is the reasonable thing to do?" "What is the rational thing to do?" While Schopenhauer throws at us his ghastly tragic pessimism by telling us that we are all victims; that we are born to sweat; that there is no such thing as a free will; that you have no choice; that you do not have the power of decision; that you are a puppet dangled in the puppet play, with the strings held by some cosmic jester, who gets his own gratification in seeing you in blood and sweat and tears. Upon that was based the whole ignominious theory of the whole geopolitical institution of Germany which preceded Hitler by years, that man was nothing but the instrument for power, and that might was the norm which determined right, and "Get out of my way if you are weak, if you are ineffective, if you are ill; get out of my way, I am a superman; I am strong; I am power," and Stace holds, and holds correctly, that we will never have a world in which the dignity of humanity is preserved in its entirety, until we have given that doctrine such a vicious blow that it will never recover again. He is right.

Ladies and gentlemen, when you get underneath all the surface of things, don't let the little localisms and provincialisms of this conflict about islands and nations and dollars and the little theory that we can build and bud and blossom all to ourselves alone as a nation, and that our only purpose of destiny is to protect our own coasts, and to keep our own security,—don't let these things confuse you. *This world is on the march; we are in a death struggle; individual nations cannot avoid it!* You could no more have avoided this than you could pull the stars out of the sky. These two things can not live in the same world; one or the other must die. You and I are in the center of the conflict. That's the long look of human history. I wish you would read that chapter on Plato and Schopenhauer.

Then his final chapter. Oh, there are a hundred sermons in that. He started my mind going off into the most unknown curves and angles and corners and crevices of philosophical thinking, as no chapter I have read in months has done; and what does he call it?—*Nietzsche or Christ?* He sums up the whole truth of the process of civilization when he identifies the platonic supremacy of reason down through the Hebraic consciousness of legalized morality into the sphere of Christian tradition; the primacy of suffering; the primacy of love. He takes Christ and Nietzsche, and in that final brilliant peroration you see love and reason on one side and you see an abnormality of self-importance upon the other, which will sacrifice its own gladly and willingly to feed its own pride of supremacy. This is the significance of Shintoism in Japan and that's why you have the enemy you have in the Japanese. Japan and Germany are natural friends. They never belonged apart. Their whole war philosophy is

in the groove of Nietzsche and in the groove of Schopenhauer.

The ideals of democracy are after the pattern of reason and the sublimity of love, and that's why Friedrich Nietzsche hated Christianity; that's why he hated Judaism; that's why he hated every semblance of philosophy that made man in his sin, his weakness, his disease, his suffering, his sorrow, his broken heart, a potentiality for man well, man strong, man kind, man friendly, man loving. Nietzsche was blind! No wonder he died in an insane asylum, a raving maniac. He gave the world "Thus Spake Zarathustra!" the supreme man, riding in chariots on balls of fire over humankind, for no reason in God's world except because he could, because he was powerful and strong. That is the reason for Friedrich Nietzsche's phrase: "Your snivelling, weak Christ; your effeminate, degenerate Christianity." Did it not awaken memories in you when a certain man by the name of Mussolini stood before the throng in the city of Berlin on the Wilhelmstrasse one day and said: "We, the Fuehrer and I, will hold in our hands all of Europe one of these days, and when we have done that, then we will take care of those *snivelling, degenerate democracies.*" That's what Mussolini said in Berlin. Through the whole history, from the early birth of these two dominating motives until the last bit of shrapnel bursting at this very moment in which I close, and tearing out the heart of someone somewhere, from that far-off moment until this one, it is Christ or Nietzsche; it is Plato or Schopenhauer; it is Good or Evil; it is God or the Devil. In a world where Good cannot remain safe from the attack of Evil, Good must validate its right to live by being stronger than Evil; and that strength, ladies and gentlemen, *Good has,* and upon that basis *Good will win!* And then there must come the manisfestation that *when Good wins a victory that victory must be treated as only Good can treat victory, in the practice and demonstration of Love!*

Broadcast of Dr. Preston Bradley

Given over WGN, March 5, 1942. Printed by Popular Request.

ALL DAY long, and all through the night as well, our radios are performing a great service in bringing us the news of this raging world conflict. The American press is living up to its well-earned reputation as a conveyor of events here, there, and everywhere, but tonight I am not going to talk about the war or any of the things which you are hearing and reading at every turn.

Today is an anniversary. Very little has been said about it and very little attention has been paid to it, but today our city, the City of Chicago, begins its 105th year. It started in a panic, that far-off year of 1837, and it had its 105th birthday yesterday. On the fourth day of March of that year, our state assembly gave us our city charter. The getting of the charter was a direct result of a mass-meeting held in a building which was called "The Saloon Building" on the southeast corner of Clark and Lake Streets.

I can envisage a smile on some of my listeners' faces tonight when they think that our city charter was founded in a saloon. This has been told by some speakers about our city, and has been published as well, that Chicago was founded in a saloon; but our able head

of our city reference library, Mr. Frederick Rex traced down this rumor very carefully, and we know now that the word saloon was but used for the French word "salon," which is supposed to be a magnificent assembly meeting place and which described very aptly, "The Saloon Building." Never repeat this slander about our city. It is not true. It *is* true that the name Chicago probably derived from the Indian word Chicaugou, which was a vile smelling weed, a sort of wild onion which grew on our prairies. It is enough to have to live that down, without having to live down that we were founded in a saloon.

The summer before our Century of Progress opened here in Chicago, I was invited by the committee to visit the British Isles on a speaking tour describing our Fair and extending an invitation to the people of Great Britain to attend. Invariably when I was introduced at these affairs, the chairman always said something about our crime, and bandits, bootleggers, crooked and racketeering politicians and all the rest of it, and Chicago has had to suffer because people did not distinguish between character and reputation.

No matter what your reputation may be, if your character is solid, sooner or later your reputation and your character will become one and the same. So today we start our 105th year as a city. Our charter that was approved, was drawn up by William B. Ogden, who was elected Chicago's first Mayor, and Peter Boles, who was a member of the Board of Town Trustees, and Ebenezer Peck, John Dean Caton and T. W. Smith, who represented the three historic divisions of our city, the North, the West and the South Sides, which have retained their identity from that time until today. The area of the new city was increased from three-eighths of a square mile to a little over ten square miles. Well, in more than a century, as far as area is concerned, we haven't done so badly, for tonight our metropolitan Chicago covers nearly 202 square miles.

Just a year before our first citizens were able to get their charter, they had spent most of their efforts in overcoming the swamp and mud, and in beating back the wild life which was everywhere. They had just succeeded, by prolonged and difficult efforts, to eliminate a large frog pond at Lake and LaSalle Streets. This was drained because the frogs kept the people awake at night by their frog music. This problem of disturbance from night music is one not entirely solved, as many people will agree when summer comes and the windows are opened. Only two or three years before, the last wolves and bears had been driven from the area which we know now as our loop, but, as the historians have told us, long after, deer could be seen wandering about what is now our loop district.

The biggest problem which the earliest citizens had a century ago was to develop a system of drainage which would make our streets passable. That is another problem still with us, for there are streets today almost impassable; but the loop condition of bad streets will be overcome with the completion of subway activities. The town surveyor at the time was one named Amos Bailey. I don't know whether there is a street named after him in Chicago or not. If not, there ought to be. We have named and re-named some of our streets after foreign personages, some of whom are not any honor to our city, while we have neglected to preserve the names of some of these old and pioneer families. Well, this Amos Bailey conceived the idea that the drainage question for the lots could be settled by building the streets

lower than the lots, and the water would drain off into the street, the street could become a manufactured river, drain into the river, and the problem would be solved. They tried this only to find that for many weeks each year it was practically impossible to tell the streets from the river; and then they had the courage, which we moderns sometimes completely lack, to completely reverse themselves, and restore the streets to their former level.

The population when we got our charter was 4,170, of whom 709 men were the only voters. There were 492 buildings which, with their real estate, had a taxable value of $238,842; taxes of $3,905 were levied in 1837. Well, for a shock, compare the taxes to be levied in 1942. The city's imports that year were valued at $373,677. Its exports of furs and grain were worth $11,665, and in the first year of its history State Street began its career with the founding of a jewelry store by Charles D. Peacock, which still carries on, on State Street.

From 1850 up into 1870 came the greatest development with the arrival of Potter Palmer, Marshall Field, Levy G. Leiter, Leon Mandel and his brothers, Charles W. Partridge, Charles Netcher, John G. Shedd, A. M. Rothschild and many, many others. The young and new city, that has now grown into the second city of the nation and the third city of the earth, got under way. A civil war, a devastating fire, a period of reconstruction, the elegant eighties, the gay nineties, the world war, the prosperous twenties, prohibition, gangsters, depression—and now war again! We have passed through it all.

This city has been my home for more than thirty years and because good is seldom news, people frequently know more bad things about Chicago than good. We have two of the greatest universities in the world. More people pass through our Art Institute in one year than the Louvre in Paris. We have more books in circulation in our public library than any other public library in the world, and more students studying today for spiritual leadership, in Roman Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faith than in any other similar area on this earth, and up in the Chicago Historical Society at Clark Street and North Avenue, you will find displays of our city's history from the earliest time; and there rests a copy of the Ogden-Boles Charter given to us in the last century. Chicago has met every crisis of itself and of its nation, and Chicagoans are rallying to *this* crisis in the true unending and never failing "I Will" spirit of our city. I salute Chicago as it begins its second century!!!

* * *

"What makes a city great? Huge piles
of stone
Heaped Heavenward? Vast multitudes
who dwell
Within wide circling walls? Palace
and throne
And riches past the count of man to
tell,
And wide domain? Nay, these the
empty husk!
True glory dwells where glorious deeds
are done,
Where great men rise whose names
athwart the dusk
Of misty centuries gleam like the sun!
In Athens, Sparta, Florence, 'twas the
soul
That was the city's bright, immortal
part,
The splendor of the spirit was their
goal,
Their jewel the unconquerable heart!
So may the city that I love be great
Till every stone shall be articulate."

Good night.

("The City's Crown," by William Dudley Foulke in Poems of Justice.)

Land of Destiny

By CATHERINE PARMENTER

THE pilgrim hearts that sought a holy shrine . . .
The heroes' blood so freely, gladly spent . . .
The silent faith that bore His love divine,
With strength and tenderness and courage blent . . .
The spirit that has challenged unknown seas,
And cannot die, but sweeps from age to age . . .
America—America—in these
Behold the splendor of your heritage!

Majestic through the shadow of the dawn,
The stone and steel of mighty cities rise;
The spanning of a continent has drawn
Triumphant trails across the trackless skies!
The golden flame of morning will disclose
A commonwealth of every creed and race . . .
America—America—there glows
The light of high achievement in your face!

Now stirs the memory of those who paid
The price of freedom sanctified by law—
Of those who fought and labored unafraid—
Who dared the deeds their prophet-vision saw.
The plains—the mountains beckoned them in turn;
The star they followed swept their paths apart . . .
America—America—still burn
The eager dreams of youth within your heart!

May you, beneath the shelter of His wing,
Wake to the glory of a greater birth!
And may it be your privilege to bring
The shining gift of peace to all the earth!
Oh, visions that defy eternal seas! . . .
Oh, love that reaches to the far-flung shores! . . .
America—America—in these
Behold the destiny that shall be yours!

WHAT IS THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO?

EVERY DAY of my life someone asks me this question: "What is the Peoples Church of Chicago?" Frequently people seem to give me the impression that they think it is a new denomination or some new organization of some sort. The Peoples Church is merely the name of our church, exactly as Riverside Church, St. Paul's Church, Grace Church, or any other name is the name of those churches. It does not mean that it is a new organization or a new denomination or anything of the kind. Our church is affiliated with one of the old denominations of this nation, an organization which in thinking goes back to the pre-reformation days of Europe itself—the Unitarian denomination. It is democracy in religion and in action.

We have no creed to which people are asked to subscribe. We respect the right of individual opinion and believe that everyone should be entitled to his own belief and his own interpretation of theology.

Our church is now in its 30th year, and every year there has been a normal, steady growth. Sometimes ministerial friends of mine who do not know the church, say to me "Well, I suppose you have a changing congregation from Sunday to Sunday." They seem quite surprised when I tell them that we have a definite membership and that twice every Sunday during our church year there are hundreds of the same people seated in their seats. We have as stable and regular a congregation as any church in Chicago. Our membership now is over 3,000. Furthermore, our church is splendidly and effectively organized, and every person in it can find an outlet for his or her energies and a place to work.

We have a very successful Woman's Club, affiliated with the National and the Illinois Federation of Woman's Clubs; an active, working club of Professional and Business Women, for employed women; a Men's Club of more than 600 members; an ever growing Young People's Club; an Ushers' Club, which participates in athletics; the Uptown Players of The Peoples Church of Chicago, an organization which has received national recognition in the Little Theatre Movement; a vital church school, which meets before the morning service; an interesting Junior Church, which meets at the hour of the morning service; a Choir of more than 65 members; and a Red Cross Unit meeting every Thursday; also, a Town Hall Club, which listens to the Town Hall Program every week and then continues with a discussion of its own, and furnishes its own Moderator. Every one of these organizations is active, working and growing, and no matter what the interests of any member or friend of the church, they can find an avenue for expression and help.

The Church has maintained for some time a Guild, which from the first of November to the first of May, every year, gives away to the needy hundreds of articles of clothing. It also buys food and milk, ice and coal, during the year. In every particular our church is organized to meet every need and every challenge of this hour.

Every shade of opinion is represented in the congregation and complete liberty is given to the individual member and to the pulpit. We have tried all of these years in the work of the church to maintain the integrity of private judgment and to practice true democratic principles throughout our entire church structure.

The Peoples Church of Chicago stands solidly for the preservation of every ideal necessary to the fruition of the human personality. We believe in the sacredness and the dignity of

(Continued on page 33)

Dr. Bradley's Engagements For The Month

From February 16th to March 15th

FEBRUARY

16—Address. Cook County Federation of Women's Clubs.
Radio Address, WGN.

17—Radio Address, WGN.
Address. Motor Equipment Industry. Steven's Hotel.

18—Radio Address, WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

19—Address. Harvester Club.
Radio Address.
Address. Employers' Assn. Milwaukee, Wis.

20—Radio Address, WGN.
Book Lecture. Friends of Literature. Curtiss Hall, Fine Arts Bldg.

21—Fraternal Law Association. Morrison Hotel.

22—Two Services. Peoples Church.

23—Made Radio Record. Peoples Church.
Radio Address, WGN.
Address. Ninth Dist. I.F.W.C. Peoples Church. Symposium.

24—Radio Address, WGN.
Address. Westminster Presbyterian Church. Milwaukee, Wis.

25—Radio Address, WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

26—Address. Chicago Round Table, Christians and Jews. Hotel Sherman.
Radio Address, WGN.
Address. Coal Merchants Assn. Banquet. Stevens Hotel.

27—Radio Address, WGN.
Address. Burnham School P.T.A. Warren Park Community House.

28—Address. Navy Banquet. Union League Club.

MARCH

1—Two Services. Peoples Church.

2 Address. Emmet P.T.A. Columbus Park Field House.
Radio Address, WGN.
Address. Men's Club. B'nai Zion Temple.

3—Radio Address, WGN.
Address. Mattoon Association of Commerce. Mattoon, Illinois.

4—Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

5—Address. Chicago Food Products Club. Hotel Sherman.
Address. Hyde Park High School Forum.
Radio Address, WGN.

6—Address. Teachers' Institute. Muskegon High School. Muskegon, Michigan.
Radio Address, WGN.
Address. Annual Meeting Milwaukee Masons. Auditorium, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

7—Meeting. Pan-American Council Luncheon.

8—Two Services. Peoples Church.

9—Board Meeting. Chicago Public Library.
Radio Address, WGN.
Address. Civilian Defense Meeting. Lindblom High School.

10—Book Lecture. Portage Park Woman's Club.
Radio Address, WGN.
Annual Meeting. Peoples Church. Channing Hall.

11—Radio Address, WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

12—Address. Student Assembly. Austin High School.
Radio Address, WGN.

13—Radio Address, WGN.

15—Two Services. Peoples Church.

Christenings in the Peoples Church

MARCH

1—George LeRoy Gibson, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson.

Jeffrey Soppeland, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Soppeland.

15—Michael Francis Lambert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Quentin Lambert.

Weddings

FEBRUARY

21—Edwin Zimmer and Barbara Jane Betsche.

27—Francis E. Selby and Mary Flora Rodl.

William Illing and Caroline Sodders.

MARCH

4—Bernard J. Ghementi and Darline Moulton Van der Heyden.

14—Wallace W. Anderson and Inez Louise Ehrhardt.

Funerals

FEBRUARY

17—Walter Bluhm.

18—Mrs. Ida Summers Johannes.

21—Miss Anna Pieper.

28—Benjamin H. Fry.

MARCH

2—Julius Washkuhn.

7—Henry Binnie.

9—Elsie Milbrandt.

11—Mary Freitag.

13—Norman Neidell.

14—Albert Steffens.

WHAT IS THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

(*Continued from page* 31)

human life. Anything which gives value, significance and understanding to the problems of human living, we consider to be essentially religious. Our whole purpose is to keep inviolate the eternal and enduring values of life. Never was the church more needed than in this hour. Never did people need more to keep their poise, their balance, than in this moment, and no church can have a higher reason for being than to help humanity keep their eyes on eternal things and their hearts loyal to the fundamental truths of life and religion. We believe that a service has been a failure no matter how many people have been present, unless someone in the congregation leaves with a firmer grip upon life and increased power to meet life masterfully and triumphantly.

When Joseph Parker, the great London preacher, was asked once how he did his work, he replied, "I preach as though I were preaching to broken hearts, for there is one in every pew." Though a church is not to compete with the university as an educator, that it must educate as well as inspire is recognized fully by us; but the main business of the church is to focus the attention of humanity on the lofty heights of fine and artistic living, and this is the sole aim of our church.

—P.B.

THE GREAT HOPE OF SOCIETY IS IN INDIVIDUAL CHARACTER.

—Channing.

Church Activities

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE.....11:00 o'clock

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (November to Easter).....7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.....
.....9:30 o'clock—Channing Hall

JUNIOR CHURCH.....11:00 o'clock—Hall C

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURE.....
.....(November through March) 8:00 o'clock—Church Auditorium

TOWN HALL CLUB..Every Thursday night at 8:00 o'clock—Channing Hall

CHOIR REHEARSALS.....
.....Every Thursday night at 8:00 o'clock—Church Auditorium

RED CROSS UNIT..Every Thursday in Channing Hall 9:30-4:00 o'clock.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH GUILD.....
.....4872 Sheridan Road—Open daily 9:00 to 5:00, except Sunday
(Saturday closes at noon)

WOMAN'S CLUB.....Monday, April 6th—1:00 p.m.—Club Institute—
Mrs. Robert Byron, Chairman
Program to be announced. Soloist, Margery Linquist
Monday, April 20th—1:00 p.m.—Annual Reports of Officers and Chairmen
Election of officers
May 4th—Annual Spring Luncheon—Edgewater Beach Hotel

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB.....
.....Second and Fourth Mondays
Monday, April 13th—Mrs. Carl Johnson, Chairman
Entertaining Our New Members
Monday, April 27th—Mrs. Claude Newman, Chairman
The Human Side of Forestry—Margaret March-Mount of U. S. Dept. of Agriculture
Monday, May 4th—Annual Election and Reports
Monday, May 11th—Annual Spring Dinner, Central Eleanor Club

MEN'S CLUB...Meets every Fourth Monday—Channing Hall—8:00 p.m.

USHERS' CLUB.....Meets every Second Thursday at 8:00 p.m.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB..Meets First and Third Tuesdays at 8:00 p.m.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS....Drama Teas—First Sunday of the month, October to May, in Channing Hall, at 4:00 p.m.
April 17th and 18th, Civic Theatre, Wacker Drive and Washington Blvd. "The Land Is Bright," latest Edna Ferber-George Kaufman Play.
Prices: 55c, 83c and $1.10. Studio 410 S. Michigan, Web. 2123.

JUNIOR THEATRE OF THE UPTOWN PLAYERS.....
.....Plays announced from time to time

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.

Student Assistant

V. K. Bose, Meadville School—Dor. 0104

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